THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Scrip from the Journal of a School-Teacher.

POVERTY is attended by many mortifications; and I have often wished that God had blessed me with more of this world's good; but I will not repine at my lot. Although winter brings to me no long and delightful vacation, when I can again greet the face of kindred and friends, when I can see the tear of joy starting in the eye of a mother, or feel upon my cheek the fond kiss of a sister; although poverty compells me to exchange the aching toil of College for the ungrateful drudgery of school-teaching, yet I will not blench from the frowns of fortune, or waste my time in idle complaints, and weak despondency. The world is all before me.

"Aut inveniam, aut faciam viam."

In the winter of 18—, I was employed to teach a school in B——, one of the rude towns which are situated among the mountains of Vermont. The hamlet which composed what is termed "the district" was surrounded on every side by lofty mountains that rose up like the seats of an ampitheatre, and almost shut in the inhabitants of the small valley from intercourse with the rest of the world. The picturesque wildness and grandeur of the scenery produced that feeling of mingled awe, romance, and pleasure, which so many have attempted to describe, and which, in my opinion, Bryant has alone succeeded in correctly delineating. We have many sources of enjoyment in this world which are independent of the caprices of fortune, and capable of producing an intellectual, placid happiness which we do not adequately appreciate. To the palled senses of the Epicure, the vacant eye of the thoughtless and soulless thing of fashion, or the clouded heart of the misanthrope, this may seem "a cold, grey world, a barren waste," but it is filled with beauty, it is the soul of beauty, and the perception of this beauty was God's last, best gift to man.

But to return from this digression, there was in the district a family which had formerly been in affluent circumstances in one of our eastern cities. A reverse of fortune had stripped them of their property, and Mr S———, unwilling to meet the mortifying pity, or contemptuous coldness of his former friends, had removed to B——. Something singular in his manners, and his evident superiority over those by whom he was surrounded, had at first attracted my attention; and I soon formed an acquaintance with him. I was introduced to his family, and the unaffected ease and cordiality with which I was received, led me there more and more frequently, and furnished me with the circumstances comprised in the following sketch.

Mr S—— had a daughter whom nature, and education had rendered eminently attractive. She was mistress of all the accomplishments which the wealth of a doating father could purchase for her; and I had, during my acquaintance with the family, many opportunities of observing the gentle and winning benevolence, which seemed to be the motive of all her actions. It was whispered about the district, though in more intelligible terms, that hers was an "affaire du cœur," and that the loss of her property had discovered the character and pretensions of her former admirer—in a word, that she had been deeply and bitterly disappointed. Be this as it may, she evidently had some secret grief preying at her heart, and wasting the streams of life at their fountain head. Yet she did not yield herself up a passive victim to this disease of the mind. She was ever anticipating the wants of others, and her little acts of kindness were performed in such a natural and unostentatious manner, that she seemed to be entirely unconscious of any observation. She was the soul of active benevolence, and I have seen her eyes fill with tears when hearing of the distresses of the many poor about her, as if she knewof suffering only when it affected others. She had a rich and exquisitely plaintive voice, but she never sang unless pressed to do it by her father. It seemed to awaken a train of recollections that were intensely painful; and I have known a song drowned in suffocating sobs, and in tears that were actually hysterical in their violence. She would, however, immediately recover herself, and apologize with a sweet but mournful smile, for what she termed her foolish nervousness.

If there is any thing that calls up all our better feelings, it is to see a gentle and beautiful creature thus wasting away with a secret malady that baffles art, and tortures affection with its imperceptible, but constant and deadly progress. To watch the patient sufferer as life flashes up into a momentary brightness, and again flickers like an expiring flame—to know that mental agony is giving bitterness even to

the pangs of death; and that the clouds which sorrow has exhaled from the heart are pouring back upon it their cold streams, like November rain—to see all this and not to feel, one must be more or less than man. I have often gazed upon her with a painful, and almost intolerable depression, yet there was a kind of feverish pleasure in this enjoyment. She possessed, if I may so speak, a silent fascination of manners that chained the senses like a spell; and the circumstances connected with her present situation increased this interest immeasurably. The bright, hectic flush, that seal of death which consumption stamps upon its victim, burst upon her cheek; and her eye had that speculative, dreamy expression which seemed to say in the language of the Ettric Shepherd—

"I see a hand thou can'st not see,
Which beckons me away;
I hear a voice thou can'st not hear,
Which bids me not to stay."

I well recollect the last time that I ever saw her, it was the evening before I left the town to return to College. She was sitting in her usual quiet, silent manner, with a half smile upon her lips; and her father was gazing on her with a look of hopeless sorrow and affection which will long haunt my memory. She had fallen away till her face wore the wan, sickly beauty of an autumn flower—

"A beauty with that fearful bloom
That hue that haunts it to the tomb."

He knew that his child must die, and I will not mock nature by attempting to describe the feelings of a parent who sees his child—his only—his beloved child thus dying day by day before his eyes. The evening was spent in the usual manner; but I had a chilling presentiment, in fact I was conscious, that this was the last time I should ever see her. To the surprise of us all, she proposed to sing, and answering the affectionate remonstrance of her father with a smile, she sang in a slow, sweet tone, the touching song of "Blue eyed Mary." She appeared to have chosen this antiquated but plaintive song, because it comported best with her present situation; and I have heard it breathed from the lips of health, of beauty, and of gaiety, but she gave it an exquisite pathos of which I had before no conception. I could scarcely refrain from weeping like a child.

This was the last time that I saw Julia S—. I left town to return to College, and on passing through B—— a little more than a year afterwards, I saw in the thin Church-yard a plain slab of white marble bearing the inscription,

"Died March 15th, 18—, Julia S——, aged 19 years." It was the only record left of her beauties, her virtues, or her sorrows. The mountain birch hung its fragrant tassels over her grave, and a profusion of wild flowers were springing up around it. Memory called up before me the form of the lovely and gentle being that was there laid at rest, and I paid her grave the tribute of a tear.

Sabbath Morning.

Hush'd is the village:—The life-giving sun,
Emblem of Deity, ascends and spreads
His dewbright beams in living lustre o'er
The bosky mountain and the low-lying vale.—
The ling'ring shadows of the cheerless night
All now are vanished; or, retiring, seek
To hide their sable locks on western side
Of hills, whose shadows, short'ning fast, still screen
The chill dews from the blaze of new born day.
E'en as an infant from refreshing sleep
But just awoke, its little limbs extends,
And gazes recklessly;—so nature lies
A moment wrapt in peaceful reverie
On her soft couch,—the sunlit landscape, while
Her very silence tells me 'tis the morn
Of rest from labor and corroding care.
And see, responsive to the welcome sounds
That in succession on the balmy air
Arise and tremble from yon gilded spire;
As on the bosom of the ruffled lake
Waves follow waves and seek the woody shore,
The infant throng now hie with gladsome haste
Within the house to learn of him who dwells
Where one eternal, endless sabbath smiles.
O! would I sketch a scene to image heaven,
I'd paint in simple narrative the place
Where youth assembled 'round the man of God,
Are taught to know, then love, then reverence
The might and mercy of the king of kings.
For sure, if in the ruins of the soul
One trace of innocence remains unmarr'd,
To show how fair the temple ere it fell;
He shall not seek in vain that principle, who
Read upon the undissembled brow
Of artless childhood; Ere the heart beneath,
Beats in full concord with the throbs of guilt.
It would seem that rocks and hills revered
The Sabbath; Softer breezes glide along, and streams
More silent flow, as if afraid to wake a murmur,
And the noisy birds, all, all are mute save where [brood;
The mother chirps in anxious whispers to her callow
O! who could view this scene and not rejoice
That God the Omnipotent was pleased to grant,
This privilege to man. Who knows the storms
Which this cold world engenders in the soul
And would bereave it of this moment's calm.
This only shadow of our pristine state;
And only prelude to the peace above.
Lives there the guilt-bent wretch whose craven soul
Shrinks from the stillness of this holy day,
As sickly plants will shriven in the sun,
Imparting vigor to the world beside?
He well may rant how man's imperious
Convenience asks a guidance of this day.
His morbid spirit cries, incessant cries
For toil and care to free it from the worst
Of burdens, thought: and like an appetite
Diseased, demands with eagerness unyielding food
Which but prevents it more.
In vain to him
Is argument; though you should place before
His jaundiced eye the nation from whose soil
God's holy day was drown'd in human gore,
Though you should shew in place the guilletine
Smear'd with its foul oblations; Still he deems
The sabbath useless; as the adder deaf
Likes not the musick of the grove, and would
Therefore devour its harmonists. For him
There is no joy in contemplation. None
In quiet undisturbed tranquility of thought.

The sabbath frights his restless soul,
And minds him of the silence of the tomb.
The pensive peace ,inspiring autumn chills
His earth-bent spirit. The sere leaf awakes
A thought of death. He sees no spring beyond.
Its fruits but tell him of the joys of heaven,
The fruits of paradise, forever lost:—
And why? they suit not his perverted taste.
And he rejects them,—wilfully rejects,
And chooses in their place, in this life toil,
And in the next unmingled bitterness
And emptiness eternal. His sick soul,
As does the poisoned eagle, seeks the earth,
And struggling with the venom, beats the dust,
In vain attempts to rise. The man is gone,
The worm alone remains. He stays, not lives.
His heart has bid his conscience long farewell,
His mind once sever'd from this earth is hell.

Independence.

"The roar of artillery ushered in this glorious day, and we arose to enjoy the blessings of freedom, and to hail the annual recurrence of that day which announced the dawn of American Independence."—ANON.

No sounds fall with sweeter accents on the ear of one who has felt the iron hand of oppression, than those which remind him of his emancipation. To recur to the time of affliction, often affords a melancholy pleasure, which is enlivened only by our deliverance, and whatever tends to renew our reminiscence of this happy occurrence, though it calls up scenes, at the memory of which the heart bleeds afresh, yet, considered in connection with the joy we felt, when we beheld our efforts crowned with success, is ever hailed with delight and cherished with esteem. Men are often called to witness scenes and appear as actors under circumstances which, they unhesitatingly assert, will remain unsoiled in the tablet of their memories, till the last ray of life is lost in the blackness of the night of death. But unless some provision be made, or some fortuitous incident occur to recall their thoughts to these scenes, they either entirely vanish, or appear like the far-off mountain, whose faint outlines can scarcely be traced in the dim blue distance, which has thrown its murky veil alike over the mist-gathering cliff and the superincumbent etherial expanse. Mankind have learned this fact in tracing the history of their own lives. It is just that the recollection of great events should be renewed by such means as are best calculated to secure this object, while they array in proper light the salutary effects of such transactions, and at the same time give the least apprehension for fearing any deleterious consequences. It is not only natural for mankind to recal to mind by celebrations and ceremonious rites, whatever of deep interest and great importance may have occurred—in proof of this we need but to cast one glance on the pomp of a Roman triumph, the procession bearing the insignia of idolatrous worship, in honor of some deity, or only to survey the customs of modern pagans—but instructions of this kind were given, by divine authority, to the Children of Israel, at the time of their emancipation from Egyptian bondage.—Since we are prone to remember, or at most to regard, only what is of late occurrence, some provision, to carry us back to former times is, for the most part, salutary. In our history no event has transpired of equal importance with the acquisition of national liberty, and to this event Americans will ever look with pleasure, while they continue to enjoy even the semblance of freedom. And should the dark wave of adversity, bearing before it thick and fearful mists of vice, intemperance and irreligion, leaving in its rear a murky sea of anarchy and despotism, even roll itself upon this highly applauded garden of liberty, as it has done over some of the fairest portions of the eastern world, hiding from the face of day the brighest flowers of hope, we shall still look with a melancholy recollection to the bright but transient day of national freedom and to that era which first saw the fleeting sun of liberty burst from our dim horizon. But I shall not now dwell upon the probability, or even possibility, of the arrival of a time of American degradation and slavery. This depends upon upon our virtue.

If it be proper, as we think it is, that we should, in some way or other, celebrate the day of our national independence, the question immediately presents itself, in what shall this celebration consist? And this naturally leads us to take a passing notice of the present manner of the celebrations.

For a few days previous to the 4th, all is preparation. From the hoary headed veteran, who can only bestow a "nine-pence or so," in order to buy powder, down to the tiny urchin who has but just intrepidity enough to fire a cracker, all feel the glowing fires of freedom raging in their bones, "Our Fathers bled for Liberty," is the common greeting, in which none more heartily concur, than the foreign vagabond and houseless mendicant, while their eyes burn with a fierce and threatening ardor, and their cheeks redden with alcaholic beauty. The manner of showing their joyful gratitude is different among different classes. One reels it off in street yarn—another thunders it from the cannon—another sweats it out in the dance—while the brat, whose little skin can hold but little independence, is enabled to vent his with a cracker, and his companion, who, for the want of a few cents, has not been able to provide himself with the necessary means for the celebration, is obliged to blow his gratitude from a pop-gun. But we are anticipating. We

said, all was in a state of preparation for the *immortal day*. The ball-room is fitted up—the coach engaged. The sable son of Africa, to whom nature, to compensate him for his color, has given the art of music, is directed to be ready at the appointed hour, in true style, *cap-a-pie*. Thus much for preparation. At length the wished-for period arrives. Now, Britain, "hear it and tremble!" Midnight in solemn stillness reigns,

"for beast and bird,
"They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
"Were slunk."

At this hour, those who have the untarnishable honor of performing the military part of the celebration, march forth from the ale-house, while their martial spirit, scarcely able to find room within them, and seeming every moment, as if about to burst its shell, like a soaked bean, drives all their blood into the outer veins. Soon the welkin rings in agony and "wandering ghosts trip home to grave-yards." The inhabitants of the village are aroused from their inglorious slumbers. The honest citizen, whom the toil and weariness of the preceding day invite to cowardly sleep, even in the dawning of a nation's birth day, hears with ineffectual reluctance the pæan of liberty. In vain the matron vents her verbal rage, on these obstreperous engines of war, whose tongues at length are loosened, to tell us what they once were. The trembling damsel, all frightened out of her wits, trips down the stairs to seek protection. Be calm, my dear—'tis 'independence.' About fifty years ago, we rose like Hercules from his cradle and choked the "British Lion"—yes, m^y dear, choked him till he ran out his tongue like a calf! This glorious era, we now celebrate. Blame not this sudden, though somewhat loud burst of gratitude. It may deprive you of a little sleep—but just think of being a slave—and having a British foot on your neck! Think of that, my dear. But we leave this family, a description of which, by the way, is by no means, the representation of a single one, and approach that scene of glory, from which darkness flies affrighted. Here stand, or rather *attempt to stand*, the illustrious champions of liberty, listening with enrapturing delight, to the echoes of their military thunder, which bound with lessening roar from crag to crag, among the distant mountains, till at last they sink forever in some deep ravine, or is in mockery of the thunders voice, they seek retirement within the ample folds of the impending clouds, and dance along the azure vault of the heavens. How many hours of peaceful slumber does one such moment outweigh, or, I should have said, *disturb!* But our liberties must be preserved and independence celebrated. And since many a worthless vagabond has fought with inflexible and brutal courage in the field of carnage, why then should not such reap the rewards of their toil, in the vociferous shout and ceaseless clangor, even at the expense of the quietude of the respectable, but *less martial* part of the community? At length the day approaches, meets and drives back the affrighted darkness, while louder peals attest the joy of those who behold, with an oriental idolatry, its rising orb, which, had it not been long accustomed to look on warlike scens, might have turned ghastly pale through fear. A few moments respite is given to our heroes, to take the morning food, if it be within their means to procure it, or at least, to enjoy the morning dram. Now emmissaries are sent out to solicit contributions with which to supply ammunition, and boys provide themselves with smaller implements of mischief. The prudent mother would fain restrain her unwary child within doors, but it must not be. "Children are the property of the state;" *ergo*, they must serve the state, and in order to do this, they must be imbued with a martial spirit. A faint hope of quietness is now taking possession of the breast, when it is suddenly shaken out, by a violent movement of the muscles, caused by the deafening voice of the angel of freedom. The guardians of our liberties return to the scene of glory—the stripling, who can procure a fowling-piece and knows enough to load it, mingles with the crowd, while a host of noisy urchins—the embryo hope of the country—with a fierce and uninterrupted display of crackers, throw full defiance in the teeth of Britain. The man, who has any property, or interest, in the community, experiences a day of suspense and anxiety. The civil authority, having been accustomed to celebaations, does not venture to try the mettle of these martial disturbers of the public peace. The female part of society are subject to frequent frights and sudden starts. The matron, unless endowed with an unusual degree of patience and a spirit of patriotism which no circumstances whatever can taint, complains of our liberties; and though the fair young despise the barbarous taste of those of the other sex, whose great glory is, that they can "touch off a cannon" without the faultering of a limb, or even turning away the head, yet the pleasure of the dance is not a little interrupted by the frequent peals of artiliery. Thus passes the ever memorable fourth.

"The cannons roar from shore to shore,
"The small arms make a rattle."

When night creeps slowly over the landscape, our veterans prepare to weave the last flower in

the chaplet of glory. The cannon takes a few moments' breath, that it may bid farewell to the citizens which will not be unnoticed, and during this respite, the rocket flashes in the welkin's face. Either from the want of ammunition, or a power to preserve their equilibrium, and generally of both, our intrepid champions of liberty, having blown off their gratitude, given vent to their patriotism, and diluted their *martial spirit* in *ardent spirits*, (which, by the way, have a strong affinity for each other,) return to wreak on their neglected families their brutal vengeance.

Thus we have attempted to describe a day which, if it did not beggar all description, certainly needs more. Every respectable man has seen and deplored its transactions. We have said nothing of the lives of gunners, which are lost in the celebration—we say *lost*, because we have no appropriate word at hand, for as far as society is concerned, for the most part, they can well be spared. But the bodily injuries received, and the losses of property sustained by the respectable part of the community defy computation. Such are the means now in use of reminding us of our high privileges, and against such proceedings we must protest. We can account for their continuance, only in the apathy of those who know what freedom is. That such transactions are performed, year after year, is not because the great mass of the people do not look upon them with, at least, a secret contempt, for we believe the contrary to be the fact, but because they do not openly array themselves against the practice. Let them be decided and fearless in the expression of their disapprobation, and the time is not far distant, when society will be no more disturbed by the Bachanalian pæans of liberty of those who endure a more galling slavery, than British tyranny could inflict.

But does any one think, because we express our disapprobation of the vociferous shout and riotous conduct of a mob, we would have no notice whatever taken of the anniversary of our national birth-day? We certainly would cherish a grateful remembrance of that eventful period in the history of America, and the method of doing this, which we would prefer, would be such as respectable citizens could adopt. We need not torture invention for suitable means. They are already too plainly before us to be unnoticed. While their remains a tear to be wiped from the emaciated cheek of misfortune—while there is a wounded bosom, into which the balm of consolation can be poured—while a miserable hut of cheerless poverty can be found —while a million of men, in the heart of our country, are clanking their chains in our ears—those chains which American hands have riveted upon them—we need not resort to the meagre and despicable means of cannonading, to manifest our gratitude to the Divine Governor of the Universe. MISENUS.

Vacation,

August 30th, 1830.

I visited my home. The untired earth
Her often travers'd circle had performed,
And wheeled the changing year. In autumn winds
Had sigh'd; in winter, shook her hoary locks;
Had thawed them in the breezes of the spring;
And it was summer. But again the leaves
Looked sallow; for a tempest-boding gale
Strolled through them; and the insects droned
The funeral hymn of nature. The dun hawk
Gazed from his sober perch the landscape o'er,
And mock'd my musing. The worn ploughman doled
His ditty as he stalk'd his weary rounds;—
The vermeil-trappings of the field were gone,
And naked, plain reality remained.
Methought it should be thus with life. Alas!
Life has no summer, autumn none, nor winter,
When unmasked it throws aside its garb,
Its gorgeous dress, and seems what it exists.
Wrapt in my spirit, and my restless thought
Flits o'er the scene of far, far distant days,
When life with me, first threw its mantle on,
And hailed the morning. Then it seemed all blithe
For I was happy, Oh! Most blest! In spring,
My moments fled, soft as the o'drous breeze
That revel'd in its flowers. The summer brought
New joys peculiar to itself. And Fall
Pleased with its placid melancholy hue.
Blest days! Sweet torments! Each low rustling weed
Against its fellow jostled by the wind,
Provoked remembrances, half sorrow and half joy.
I live my childhood o'er in every sound
That breaks my reverie. By this small stream
Which finds a curious channel from you hills;
Oft did I wander with my mother, whom
Relentless death hath hid, and oft with thee,
My sister Mary! Thee, Fidelia! all,
Heart-freezing thought! have crept into their graves.
As my short errand were almost accomplished, I
Wait a few moments and then take my leave.
Already twenty summers have I seen;
The twentieth winter soon shall white the plain;
And I am—man.—Yes, man: and this defined
Implies an animal that lifts his head
One hour above his native clod, and then
In silence, sinks into the dust again.

Be such my thoughts, and to these thoughts confined,
My wayward fancy, my own soul I'll bind;
Till wing'd in death my noiseless way I climb,
Through far off skies beyond the bounds of time.

The Broken Vow.

The last rays of the setting sun were flaming on the brow of bold mount Defiance, as the generous Edward pursued his beaten path, on his return to his native valley. It was a lovely scene; before him the lofty mountain rose as if to vie with the clouds, and the gentle rivulet, which in some places washed its base, and at others admitted a fertile spot, covered with all the varieties of the vegetable kingdom, together with the stillness of

the scene, all contributed to impress upon him, the thoughts which now took possession of his soul. It was a scene to him beloved, as connected with it were the associations of his boyish days, spent in sportive innocence. At the base of those rugged and projecting cliffs, too, were first made the plighted and mutual vows, 'twixt his own soul and his beloved Mary.—During his long absence, the image of the loved one was ever before him. His waking moments were upon that image, and it even took possession of his night visions.

She was one who *seemed* worthy of his affections. Her manner easy, her look expressive, and her soul touched with the feelings of sympathy for the woes of her species. To alleviate the miseries of a fellow being, to impart happiness to those around her, to drain for a sufferer the bitter cup of wretchedness, had she e'en herself to drink its dregs, *seemed* to her a sufficient reward.

Their love was mutual. Such were the prospects of Edward, when he determined, with the consent of his friends, to prepare himself to enter upon a profession. He left, for a season, the scene of his past enjoyments, to mingle in the bustle of a vain, yet busy world, after taking a mournful farewell of his Mary Anderson. Six long years had it been since he had visited his native vale. And the change which had taken place in its appearance, was distinctly marked by him. Can this, said he, be the spot where were acted the scenes of my childhood? Can that be the cliff on which I played, in sportive innocence? Can this be the gushing stream that murmured along by the door of my paternal roof? His thoughts upon the cliff, and gushing stream, brought to his remembrance other things in near connexion. And where, said he, is the loved object with with whom I roamed—where is the beauteous Mary? Ah! little thought he there was a change in aught beside the aspect of the vale. Little did he think that she, in whom was bound up the whole soul of his existence, in whom were centered all his hopes of future happiness, and who, as he took his last lingering look, before his departure, did with looks, actions, and the solemnity of words, vow to be faithful to him,—to be his, and his forever,—little thought he that she had betrayed his trust—had found another more worthy her affections. He had *heard* before of woman's plighted and yet broken vows; that *woman* "never could be trusted, and yet he trusted one." He never tho't that his would be the fate, to see his fondest hopes and brightest expectations blighted and withered. He never thought that to trust was to be betrayed. In her, as seemed to him, sincerity was marked in every action, every word. But how deceptive is the world. When our prospects are highest and brightest for the immediate enjoyment of some desired object, and when it even seems within our reach, we stretch forth the hand, and in its stead, grasp what stings us to the very soul—the world's deception. Thus it was with Edward. He had long looked forward to his return, with an anxiety and interest better felt than described.—The last few days dragged heavily. Every hour seemed a day, and every day a week.

The appointed time at length arrived, and as he drew nearer his home, he seemed nearer the object which had long been nearest his heart. We have introduced him at the close of one of our pleasant summer days, on his entrance into the scenes of past enjoyments, when nature is clothed in her loveliest dress, and the Heavens attired in their most attractive charm. The wild birds "warbled in the grove," and the joyful flocks came bleating from the hills. A momentary fit of melancholy, through existing circumstances, stole across his mind. All seemed not well—yet why he knew not. He eyed every thing with a scrutinizing look, as he wound his course around the gentle bend of the stream before mentioned, till at length arriving at the wicker-gate before his father's dwelling, he proceeded up the walk, rapped at the door, and was ushered into the well known sitting room. "My son," exclaimed old Mrs. Crawford, as she pressed Edward to her breast, having long expected his return, "My son, my own dear son." NORVAL.

(*To be continued.*)

White Hills'
Reply to Green Mountain.

DEAR SIR,

Your epistle was received by me when engaged in celebrating the anniversary of our national independence, and inculcating the principles of liberty and patriotism in the bosom of my numerous family, which I had gathered around me for the occasion. On that morning, as the bright sun rose in splendour, I gazed about with heart-felt pride upon my stately brethren, who, fifty-five years before, had laughed with scorn and derision at the puny efforts of the British lion. I need not say I rejoiced to see a smiling countenance upon nearly all.—Holyoke could not restrain his joyousness, but actually cried out to me with a significant gesture, "union forever." And Catskill, whose breast seemed to swell with delight, among oth-

er indications of patriotic ardor, I fancied I heard say, "death to traitors and spies."—Bunker, the Highlands, the Laurel Hills, and the Blue Ridge of the old dominion, were all upon the broad grin, surrounded by their happy children. In the far south, however, I beheld the Carolina heights, who stood manfully with us in '76, now scarcely peering above the clouds of nullification, shedding copious floods of tears, and uttering the doleful exclamation, "is then the star-spangled banner to go down in darkness, and blood and crime?" I observed Brother Green, your brow to be overcast by a slight shade of mingled sorrow and anger, though I then did never suspect the deplorable causes which were in operation to produce this effect. As I occasionally saw upon your countenance a ray of joy shoot up to drive away the gloom, which I supposed would ere long yield to a placid serenity, my attention was soon diverted by the necessary preparation for a performance of the duties of the day devolving upon me. My mind was absorbed in present pleasure, which caused a total forgetfulness of your dejected aspect. I was just reading a toast in which I invoked the blessings of the Genius of Liberty upon the hardy state to whose fartherest boundaries I was then gazing with a proud exultation, when one of my sturdy sons presented me your letter. It was quickly opened and a hasty perusal given it. I no longer doubted the cause of the sadness I saw depicted upon your usually cheerful visage. The thought of your misfortunes marred the remaining festivities of the day.

Noble and ever verdant Brother, bitterly do I lament the unhappy state of your household affairs. It is to be regretted that in the bosom of your degenerate progeny should ever be kindled the baleful flames of ambition. In my family, such evils have not yet obtained a foot hold. My dauntless sons still tread in the path of their ancestors. Into the interminable maze of science they have never yet ventered. Their acquaintance with the arts is sufficient when taught to construct the granite wall about their barren farms. Never were their throats elongated by the monstrous barbarities abounding in the legal and medical professions. Regardless of ejectment "demurrers," and the rest of a lawyers' technicks, their appeal is made directly to the first law of nature, and their most difficult cases are decided by "weight of fists." The comparative inefficiency of law is manifest when fifteen or twenty individuals are thus seen at once settling in this truly chivalrous manner their difficulties, to have effected which in those misnamed courts of justice, would have required a period of two or three years. The most untiring efforts to bring your manufactured M. D's. into vogue, have also entirely failed of success, combatted as they have been by a powerful array of "root and herb" gatherers. In fine, all the innovations which are making their triumphant march into your territories, are here checked by impassible barriers.

Here the honest farmer, "turning the stubborn glebe," is raised in public estimation in proportion to his exemption from "ambition," to his pertinacity in opposing "modern improvement," and to his perseverance in the beaten path of his ancestors, which must be right. His boys taught to look with abhorrence upon the useless science of government, and the abstruse reasoning of the schools are reared to wield the hoe and the axe. Their mighty intellects were never bound by the trammels of what is termed "mental discipline." Their restless invention is exercised in preparing toils for the fallow deer, and their depth of mind exhibited in circumventing the odious bear.

I am yet, thank heaven, free from that contagious and fatal disease, called school-mania. Those would-be teachers, who hang about your borders like a band of harpies, instilling their principles in the mind of your youth, have as yet made little progress among my subjects. I should not be cursed with even one of those pernicious institutions, yclped colleges, of which you so justly complain, were it not for the migration of your effeminate sons into my demesnes. I weep with you, Brother Green, at the degeneracy of your children, who waste their time and prostitute their talents in studying Latin and Greek folios, or in finding out the laws which regulate the movements of the sun, moon and stars, as though we could not enjoy their cheerful light, without the acquisition of such useless information. How many a young man who might have been a destroyer of wolves for miles around, and thus have become the benefactor of mankind, is now mewed up within the walls of a literary prison, puzzling his brain about the endless jargon of mineralogy, chemistry, trigonometry, isoperimetry, hydraulics, pneumaticks, hydrostatics, dyanamics, so on to the end of the chapter, and all for no purpose but to get B. A. attached to his name, —that is, to proclaim himself B—chind A—ll in every necessary attainment, and in usefulness to his fellow beings.

In this deplorable state of things you have at least one consolation, afflicted Brother, that the extension of this malaria, whose blighting effect upon your domain you so feelingly describe, can never become general. It is and must be confined within comparatively narrow limits. The number and zeal of their oppo-

nents induce me to think the time is not far distant when these literary establishments shall happily for you be exterminated from this 'mundane sphere," and the inhabitants of it return to their primitive simplicity and happiness.—— Though you seem in an uncommon degree to be oppressed by these enormous evils, yet you cannot but receive consolation from a contemplation of the present condition of the world, and your drooping hopes must be revived by the speech of the late monarch of Austria, as affording an index of the sentiment of the eastern continent, in which he exultingly declares, "I rejoice in the ignorance of my subjects."

When I came to that portion of your letter which mentioned that the other sex also were seized with this same rage for "learning," I gave vent to my feelings in a shower of tears, which I however soon repressed, seeing the discomfiture of tables and dishes occasioned by it to my spirited sons who were zealously commemorating the fourth. Oh! said I to myself, could your daughters once behold my substantial maidens, engaged in their daily occupations, never would they be enticed by the gew-gaws of a female seminary. But notwithstanding their waywardness I rejoice to see you staunch in your opinion of the entire uselessness of mental cultivation to females, and think a little reflection will convince you of the beauty and correctness of the sentiment of ancient philosophers, who considered "women were not endowed with souls." That their intellectual faculties should not be improved is an axiom sanctioned by the decision of ages and rendered venerable for its antiquity. It certainly would require no great skill in the art of divination to have foretold that if taught to write, they would be inditing "sonnets," and that they would employ their reading powers in perusing history or novels. In viewing these "young ladies" I cannot but contrast their finical appearance and superficial attachments with the *bonum et utile* of my buxom lasses. Instead of presenting the wasp-like shape, and light fragile figure of your modern belles, they have rather the semblance of a Roman soldier, except in their regular uniformity of size from head to foot.— They are altogether the most useful "article of furniture" about a farm house. Their dusky forms are not only about the "dairy and kitchen," but at this season, in the field stirring, raking, and pitching the hay. For becoming adepts in these *accomplishments*, they have contests for trial of strength, in which I have known some to lift from three to five hundred. As for "thrumming the piano," they have not the most distant idea of such an instrument, though they sometimes indulge their tastes in listening to the "dulcet strains" of a tin horn, or in playing upon a kettle drum. Taking them all in all they are just such as would exactly fill your eye. Nor is there the least danger to be apprehended of these sable goddesses "living old maids or ruining honest men."

Be assured I speak not these things vauntingly, but sincerely sympathise with you in your present difficulties, and would gladly comply with your request in "devising a remedy" for your "family troubles." Though this is not in my power, yet I will mention one which may prove efficacious in the last mentioned, and as you justly consider, the most grievous of your calamities. I would recommend to you to procure some one to "write a piece," all bristled up with quotations and borrowed scraps of poetry, in which shall be drawn the portraiture of these misses engaged in their bookish vocation. A mock gravity and excessive grief at the situation of the "pensive seminarian" might be advantageously assumed by the author. And let me assure you that there are some who would even eagerly aspire at the honor of delineating such a picture. The effect of a publication of this kind would be, that instead of "promenading the street," your young ladies, "rising with the lark," when Aurora draws the curtain of the east, would be seen bearing about a five gallon milk pail. "Oh! 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

In dejection at your misfortunes, I remain yours &c. WHITE HILLS.

P. S. It would be well to get some member of a collegiate institution to attack these ladies, as the natural *jealousy* and *envy* of competitors in the same pursuit would incite them to a manifestation at least of some feeling and zeal.

W. H.

The anniversary of the Commencement of the "University of Vermont" was holden at Burlington, Wednesday last. Degrees of A. B. conferred on nine individuals.

The annual Commencement of Middlebury College will take place next week. The celebration of the Societies connected with College, will be held in the afternoon of Tuesday next. Speaking for the Parkerian premiums will take place in the evening.

The Exercises of Commencement will begin at 10 o'clock, A. M. on Wednesday. An Oration is expected in the evening before the Associated Alumni of the College.

MARRIED,

In Schroon, Mr. Jacob Nichols to Miss Betsey Tubbs. Mr John D. Mills to Miss Matilda Johnson. Mr William Wisxdell to Miss Lydia Moore.

DIED,

In Bridport, Mrs Polly Bennett, widow of the late John N. Bennett, Esq. aged 66. In Weybridge, Emily Maria, daughter of Timothy W. and Pamela Twitchell, aged five years and six months.